



The First Test...



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Chapter 1 by Doragon-no-Yakusoku

Hark to those with an ear, for I have an ear-full to tell! This tale untold is one of the extraordinary, so, I beseech of you, listen and open your mind to my words. This story is as boundless as what we call "time" and will only exist while one has the will to believe in faith or hope. I will tell you now, the strength of a creature that holds on to hope- whether for the better or worse- is quite magical. Such strength leads to powers unimaginable to the common, but what do they know of magics in faith and hope?

I offer to you; friends, foes, strangers, and creatures; my words that will crudely outline the world we will be thrust into. It is only you, you who has the innate magic to form the world through an imagination. The smallest spark will suffice in illuminating the gateway to a brilliant and secret promise- the only way to pass through the gates and have a chance to survive what lies beyond are is to continue making sparks until you've made a roaring ring of fire that will lift above the masses to a place in which no being can touch you. Fail at this, and you can only pray that the shadow-beings do not take your soul and sparks in your time of weakness and make you a common.

Without further distraction, I call upon the pure power of childish minds everywhere in order to strengthen me as your guide. Quickly now, and enter here so I may share with you a world like no other. Quickly now, I cannot hold the beasts of for long. Quickly now, the gates! Go!

-----Yakusoku-----

It's dark- pitch black, actually. Slowly, light seeps through your closed eyelids and, as the blurriness fades, you see a calm blue sky with white fluffy clouds above you- normal enough.

Very gradually, you begin feeling your body and leg movement, you start to feel the pain- especially in your feet? They are not yours, they are not yours, they are not yours, and as you look to your hands, you find them not yours.

Allow me to elaborate, this is a world of energy, a world of energy that is not yours, and crammed into a sector of energy that is normal. The sector and the energy belong to an arrogant and talented 17-year-old boy who lives on a truck to find worthy masters of elements as old as the

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world itself. The claws you see were merely gifts: bone sharpened and attached to gloves for climbing, and the pain? We've just completed scaling a mountain and collapsed here, at the temple of the first master: Sage Seikatsu- he shall teach Serrot (us) the ways of communing with nature itself and its creatures. Here, we will learn to manipulate and heal...among other things...so long as we can pass the first test.

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